



SIX MONTHS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO EUROPE—BREST—LE MANS—TOURS—BORDEAUX.

ON the 4th April, 1868, the writer, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, embarked on board the *Europe*, a side-wheel steamer of the French line, and, after a pleasant voyage from New York, landed at Brest on the morning of the 16th.

There were several reasons for making Brest the point of departure for the summer's journeying. It was desirable to reach Naples before the hot weather set in; and that Paris, if made the starting-place, would detain a party, the majority of which were ladies, was not to be doubted. Again, the south of France was well worth seeing—Le Mans and Tours were interesting cities; and it would be something to have a glimpse of the high Pyrenees, if nothing more, from the neighborhood of Narbonne. There was Bordeaux, too, besides other places of interest, on the route southward from Le Mans to Marseilles, where the party would fall into the great thoroughfare of travel from Paris to Nice and Genoa. Again—and this was the reason, that had perhaps, after all, the greatest weight—a week in Paris, or even a shorter stay, would have furnished standards of compar-

ison to the prejudice of a hundred things, which otherwise would be regarded with wondering admiration. The recollections of the Louvre would have dimmed many a picture-gallery that, as it was, gave unalloyed pleasure. It was determined, therefore, to deal with Paris on this occasion as children deal with the best-buttered portion of their slice of bread, and reserve the centre of modern civilization as a *bonne bouche*.

The voyage was longer than had been anticipated. The Europe was a slow ship, even with the assistance of a heavy north-wester from the edge of the Gulf Stream to within twenty-four hours of the French coast. But she was staunch and comfortable, having much less motion in a sea-way than the faster-going propellers of the same line: the discipline and service were admirable, and the table was all that could be desired. The eleven and a half days of the voyage soon slipped by, therefore; and during the latter part, the writer, with the aid of "Bradshaw's Continental Guide" and the recollections of two previous tours, completed in minute detail the Itinerary, which was subsequently followed with scarcely a deviation.

Nor was the preparation of this Itinerary altogether free from difficulty. In the first place, whatever was to be done had to be done within six months, or, indeed, rather less time—that is to say, between the 16th of April, when the party landed from the Europe, and the 8th of October, when the *Pereire*, in which the return voyage was to be made, was to leave Havre for New York. In the next place, night-traveling was not to be thought of; and it so happened that very early rising was especially eschewed by more than one member of the party; nor did very long days' journeys find much greater favor. In other words, as the tour was to be, essentially, one of pleasure, it was not to be made

one of toil. In adjusting all these considerations, it need not be said that compromises became indispensable, and that Bradshaw's tables of arrivals and departures were invaluable.

Again, as something more was intended than such a trip to Europe as would merely enable the members of the party to say they had made it—as curiosity was to be gratified, information obtained and instruction given in a way that would be valuable in after years—it became necessary to allow leisure for these purposes, and, with that view, to make a selection in the outset of the places and objects to be seen, and to fix the time that would be required to do this comfortably and thoroughly. Nor was this selection altogether an easy task. To see everything in Europe worth seeing would occupy more years than there were months to be given on the present tour. Many of the so-called sights, however, were, after all, only repetitions of each other. It was possible to divide them into classes—to take from each class its most characteristic representative, and to make that the object of special examination. This, too, had to be done with reference to the tastes and idiosyncrasies of the different members of the party. Had it been composed of architects, for example, every cathedral in France or England would have been interesting in one way or another. As it was, however, some half dozen of these vast edifices would suffice to fill the mind with memories for years and years to come.

To consult the comfort, therefore, gratify the curiosity and provide for the instruction of the party in a journey whose extreme limit was six months, and which, it had been agreed beforehand, was to include Naples on the one hand and Berlin and Amsterdam on the other, with “three weeks, *at least*, in Paris,” as a *sine qua non*, was the problem which, it is hoped, these pages will

show was satisfactorily solved, with the assistance of Bradshaw, on the voyage from New York.

It was just daylight when the *Europe* cast anchor in the magnificent harbor of Brest; and very soon after the company's steamer *Satellite* came alongside for the passengers that were here to leave the ship. It brought, to the writer's great satisfaction, the courier who had traveled with him over Europe eleven years before, whom he had hunted up for the present tour, and to whom were at once consigned four large leather trunks, three affairs bearing the modest name of "hat boxes," but which were, themselves, reasonably-sized trunks, a couple of traveling-bags, sundry well-strapped bundles of waterproof wrappings and a collection of umbrellas, the care of which, from Baltimore to New York and on board the *Europe*, had been an annoyance which the writer was heartily glad to be rid of for the future.

This matter of baggage had been a subject of grave discussion from the time the European tour was first spoken of in the family; and the writer takes it for granted that the above enumeration does not show an unreasonable amount, especially as he was again and again assured that it was simply impossible to do with less, and that other parties had a great deal more! But, inasmuch as baggage is a most important matter in connection with foreign travel, the writer advises, as all authorities on the subject have advised before him, that the less baggage the better. It is not only troublesome, but it is expensive. In America the fare of the passenger in a railroad car or steamboat pays for his baggage, except in rare instances. In Europe it is not so. The baggage is weighed, universally; and all over a certain weight, and that a small weight, must be paid for, and, not unfrequently, dearly paid for.

And here a word may be said—suggested by the fact

that the writer's baggage was placed at once in charge of the courier—about the employment of such a person on a European tour. His wages vary from fifty to sixty dollars a month, with the additional expense of his fare in a second-class car on a railroad or as a second-class passenger in a steamer. Where the journey is on horseback, in Switzerland, the employer pays the hire of the courier's horse, in addition to his wages. He boards himself, which costs him little, the hotel-keepers on the Continent giving the couriers free quarters in consideration of the custom they are supposed to bring. If it is an object to avoid the expense of a courier, why, as a matter of course, a European tour—just such a tour as is about to be described—can be made without one; but if expense is not an object, the experience of the writer leads him to advise the employment. Freedom from all care about baggage, when you have no time to spare from sight-seeing, and prefer a drive through a city to worrying with the employés of a railroad station in a language you do not understand or speak imperfectly—freedom from all annoyance in settling tavern bills, in feeing servants, providing railroad and steamboat tickets, hiring horses and attendants when necessary—from all trouble in regard to the currency, where you deal one day in francs, another in scudi, another in thalers and another in florins—freedom from all these, besides the service that the courier has it in his power to render in a thousand ways in a long journey, especially where ladies are of the party, is, the writer thinks, cheaply paid for by the compensation which he receives in wages and fares.*

* The courier employed on two occasions by the writer was an Italian—Giovanni Nadali, who, in 1868, could boast of twenty-four years' experience in his vocation. He is a treasure in his way—not

It is said, to be sure, that the courier, if he prevents others from robbing you—which he certainly does—robs you himself. This may be so in some cases, but is not so as a general rule. The charge is oftener made, probably, by those who have not employed a courier than by those whose experience entitles them to speak.

The hour at which the Europe would reach Brest being uncertain, it had been determined to remain there during the day of arrival, or the following day if the arrival took place at night, under the impression there was enough to be seen to occupy the time thus given to one of the great naval stations of France. And so there was. All was novel and strange to those of the party visiting Europe for the first time. The very clattering of the wooden shoes of the quaint-looking, white-capped women who thronged the narrow streets afforded amusement. The market-place was a curiosity; the donkeys, with paniers larger than the animals, were objects of commiseration when seen for the first time staggering under their loads. Then there were the churches, so different from those in America; the grand fortifications, old and new; the inner harbor and its shipping; the noble bridge that spans the entrance, opening and shutting its gigantic arms, that vessels might pass between them, as quietly and easily as the valves of a door between two apartments in a modern mansion; the red-legged French infantry marching through the city or drilling in their capacious barrack-yards; the esplanade, overlooking the harbor, with its rows of noble trees and lines of well-built mansions; the new constructions bearing the name of the present emperor, and those in progress, to bear his name thereafter,—all these were matters not to be comprehended

only as a courier, but as a *valet de place* in all the principal cities of Europe; and he is as honest as he is intelligent.

at a glance, and the day was well spent in taking note of them.

But it required more even than the outdoor sights of Brest to compensate for the indoor discomforts of that most wretched of all French inns, the Hotel des Voyageurs; where, as a sample of the rest of the establishment, the waiter in his shirt-sleeves began to prepare the pine-topped table to receive the dinner ordered in the "salon," by spreading upon it, as a sort of under garment for the untidy cloth, a breadth of dirty stair-carpeting, which had not the merit even of reaching to the edges, so that the plates on either side were a-tilt and see-sawed when in use during the repast. There is another inn at Brest, which was reported better than the Hotel des Voyageurs. It could not have been worse; and it was with great satisfaction that the party found themselves in the 7 A. M. train, on their way to Le Mans, on the morning after their arrival. The train that left Brest at 7 A. M. arrived at Le Mans at 6.35, where excellent quarters were obtained at the Hotel de France on the principal square.

There was still enough of daylight for a visit, while dinner was preparing, to the grand old cathedral, which is the principal attraction of Le Mans—an edifice consuming a good many years in its erection, and on which many an architect had set his mark. Commenced with a masonry that is little more than concrete, the poverty of its founders is manifested wherever the weather has worn into the earlier constructions. Then again, large masses of carefully-chiseled stone tell of improved resources, and greater skill, and more rapid progress; until the incongruous pile became a noble building, complete in nave and transept, choir and aisle. This was the first cathedral visited in Europe by the majority of the party, and was full of interest to all.

Twilight found the writer still lingering within its walls.

Scarcely less interesting than the Cathedral of St. Julien were the quaint, old edifices in its immediate neighborhood, which looked down on narrow and crooked streets, suggestive of the Middle Ages and all their associations. How the taste and refinement manifested in the cathedral, the grand architectural ideas of which were illustrated in the mere size of the building, could have consented to such surroundings is a wonder. The genius which was displayed in the ornamentation of the choir—a choice specimen of the best style of the Pointed Gothic—was to be found in choice bits of architecture that caught the eye in the doorways, in the mullioned windows, in streets so narrow that a whispered conversation almost could be carried on from the balconies of houses opposite to each other.

From the cathedral to the boulevards was but a step, passing by the theatre on the way; and then a quiet walk through wider streets, and in front of the old church of Notre Dame de Couture, and past the house of Scarron, the husband of Madame de Maintenon, ended at the hotel, where an excellent dinner closed the first day's journeying in France.

And here—as this is but a book of hints—a word may be said about sight-seeing. The fundamental rule should be, “Begin at once”—health, strength and the weather permitting. And, by the way, there is little weather that does not permit something of interest to be seen. Galleries, the interiors of churches or palaces, and museums are independent of the weather. Paintings, to be sure, are indebted always to the sunshine, but it is better to see them without this adjunct than to miss them altogether. Do not wait for dinner when pressed for time, if you have daylight for sight-

seeing. Even when not so pressed, and with the amplest leisure, it is well to begin at once, that the enjoyment of idleness may have no thought of unperformed duty to impair it.

An early breakfast on the 18th April left between two and three hours to devote to Le Mans before leaving for Tours. It was the time of the "tirage" or drawing for the conscription; and the streets through which the party passed on their way to the church of Notre Dame de Couture resounded with the noise of drums and the shouts of sturdy young fellows, who with their drawn numbers in their caps, were singing patriotic songs, as arm in arm they followed a flag borne by one of their number. They were generally what, in America, would be called undersized. A six-foot man here and there among them looked like a giant. What was wanting in height seemed, however, to be made up in enthusiasm. The drummer of one of the squads was a grizzly-bearded, old moustache, with the medals of Inkermann, Turkey and Mexico on his breast; and when he saw that his conscripts attracted attention by their noise, if by nothing else, he shrugged his shoulders, thrust his tongue into his cheek and winked one eye, as much as to say, "Poor devils! they have yet to see the elephant."

The morning's walk through Le Mans terminated at the railroad station, and in the 11.52 A.M. train the party left for Tours.

It would have been better had the midday train been taken at Brest, which would have afforded time to drive through the city, see the fortifications, the esplanade and the markets, and reach Rennes for a late dinner, in comfortable quarters and in a place well worth seeing. This would have given the morning of the 18th to Rennes; and then, taking the 2.55 train for Le Mans,

the party would have reached Le Mans without having lost time on the way.

After leaving Le Mans, the railroad passes through a charming country highly cultivated. So much has been said of the beauty of the Valley of the Loire that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. Tours sits, like a rich gem, in the midst of its broad expanse. So near to Le Mans, and yet so different from it! Gravity the characteristic of the one—gayety of the other.

In place of overhanging houses from whose upper windows the dames of past ages may have dropped garlands on the points of the lances of their knights, as they made their horses spring to the spur in the narrow passage below—in place of these, there were broad streets lined with well-built houses and shaded with trees, public buildings elegant in design and cheerful in color, and fountains that sparkled in the sunlight.

And the cathedral, too, so different, so very, very different—not so grand as that at Le Mans, but so graceful in its architecture, and yet so imposing—grandly beautiful!

Whether it was owing to the effect produced by a change in the weather, which gave sunshine at Tours in place of the dull atmosphere, darkened by heavy clouds, from which the railroad train emerged as it left Le Mans, or to the intrinsic merit of the building, of all the cathedrals visited in the summer's journeying, not one left such an impression of the cheerfulness of worship as did that of this old city of the Merovingian kings. Indeed, on this spring evening, cheerfulness pervaded Nature, and one ceased to wonder at the crowds of English and numbers of Americans who made their homes in Tours.

The journey from Le Mans to Bordeaux can be made readily in a day. But then, Tours must be

skipped ; and this should not be thought of. Go first to the cathedral, passing by the Prefecture, and make your way to the stone bridge of fifteen arches over the Loire, glancing at the museum, the Church of St. Julien, the Mairie and the statue of Descartes, all close together near the southern end of the bridge ; then crossing the latter, turn to the left down the Loire to the suspension bridge, which cross, and drive by the Champ de Mars and the cavalry barracks to the Boulevard Beranger, along which you may return to the Hôtel de l'Univers—one of the best in France ; or, prolonging your drive, you may go as far as the Canal du Cher, thence to the river bank, and down it to the upper suspension bridge, and then back to the hotel through some of the older parts of Tours. This circuit will take you by the two towers which are all that remain of that magnificent basilica of St. Martin which history and romance unite to describe and to extol.

There are, or there were, two daily trains from Tours to Bordeaux—one leaving at 5.25 A.M., and stopping at the way stations ; the other, an express train, leaving at 2.52 P.M., and going through in eight hours, instead of thirteen, the time of the first. Taking the latter on the 19th of April, the morning was passed in Tours ; and there was time to attend the English church. Here the President was prayed for, along with the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial and the Queen of England. As the impeachment trial was in progress when the Europe left the United States, it was a matter of some doubt, on this particular Sunday, who was to be benefited by the intercession—Mr. Johnson or Mr. Wade. Still, it was a pleasant thing to hear the well-known words, “The President of the United States,” uttered in prayer from the lips of the English clergyman at Tours, and to hear the response of the congre-

gation, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," no matter who was the incumbent of the office. One felt, at the moment, that he was an American and not a partisan, proud of his country and careless of its parties. Indeed, generally speaking, this is one of the best effects of foreign travel. At home, one is like the passenger in a North River steamer, disturbed by the clank of the engines, the jar of the vessel and the clamor of the passengers, and who grumbles and complains accordingly. Abroad, he is like the same person gazing from the shore at the same steamer, out of sight and hearing of the annoyances on board, and whose only feeling is that of admiration of the might and majesty of the vast mass as it moves rapidly yet tranquilly along.

The country between Tours and Bordeaux is interesting, chiefly because of the beauty of its cultivation, the châteaux, old and new, which appear and vanish as the train rushes onward, and the excellence, in all respects, of the railroad constructions. Poitiers—interesting mainly to the antiquarian, and because under its walls Edward the Black Prince gained the victory which bears its name—rose on its hill, only to be glanced at and passed by; so with Angoulême, remarkable for the terraces of arcades, visible afar off, which support its tall cathedral; so, the town of Libourne, on the Dordogne. Then came the viaduct of Arveyres, where a hundred arches sustain the railroad above the flats; and then, by viaduct and tunnel in rapid succession along the banks of the Garonne, and across a magnificent bridge over the river, the train swept into Bordeaux, and by ten o'clock the party reached the Hôtel de Nantes, where rooms had been prepared for them.

Bordeaux fully deserved the day that had been allotted to it in the programme of the journey. The third sea-

port town in importance in France, it is, otherwise, a noble city, with its grand, wide quays, its public squares and buildings, its river crowded with the ships of all nations, its teeming activity, its broad streets of the newer period, and even the quaint old passages between the houses that darkened them, and which served as highways in the olden time. Here a bit of a Roman amphitheatre, there strange gateways, with queer, fantastic turrets—odd fancies of wizard architects—are to be seen in places where Napoleon III. has not yet commanded improvement. Those who love these remnants of the past must hurry, however, if they desire to find them in Bordeaux. Whole blocks are disappearing, that broad avenues may be opened, and sunlight permitted to dry walls and pavements damp with the moss of centuries.

Among other places visited in the morning's drive, was the Academy of Arts, containing some clever modern works, and two most striking portraits, so placed that, while they are not side by side, they can be seen and compared from the same spot. The one is a portrait of Charles X., a copy from Horace Vernet; the other, a portrait of the present emperor. The Bourbon, with his smile—simper rather—eminently a gentleman, amiable and refined, unquestionably, but without force in his face or bearing, is on horseback, his hat decked with plumes and his breast with embroidery; the type of an effete race and of a people that has passed away. The Bonaparte is of the present, and of nothing but the present—a short, soldierly-looking man, on foot, in the uniform of a general of infantry, with the red pantaloons and dark-blue coat, without other ornament than the cross of the Legion and an officer's sash. The attitude is unstudied and simple in the extreme. A soldier stands quietly before you,

whose face, stern and impenetrable, fixes your attention. Rarely has the idea of power been more thoroughly impersonated on canvas than by this portrait of Napoleon III. No wonder the Bourbon dynasty came to an end, when opposed by the spirit that produced the men of whom this portrait is the type.

The cathedral, the Church of St. Michael, the Place des Quinconces with its rostral columns, the Jews' quarter, the old portions of the city, the new constructions, the remnant of a Roman amphitheatre, were all visited in turn; and as the carriage drove through the different streets, an excellent idea was obtained of the principal features of the city.

By this time, the necessity of "reading up" Murray had become apparent; and a list had been made out before leaving the hotel of the objects of interest to be visited. Murray had become, for the third time, the writer's *vade mecum*. Baedeker is good—perhaps for Switzerland the best—and Bradshaw is most useful. But, take it all in all, Murray is *the* book for a "European tour." Apart from its excellence as a mere guide-book, it furnishes better historical reading than is to be found in many a more pretentious compilation, and can be resorted to for instruction and amusement, even when there is no purpose of visiting the places described.

The last sight seen before dinner were the wine-vaults of Barton and Guestier. How much space of cellarage these occupy it is hard to say; but the party threaded alley after alley, lined with bottles and casks, and festooned with unearthly-looking cobwebs and rank accumulations of mould, and through doors in whose rusty locks the keys turned slowly, and whose unoiled hinges grated "harsh thunder"—stopped here, by an iron barrier, stooping there to avoid a blood-red excres-

cence from the roof, until, tired with walking, one wished one's self well out of the region of the gnomes, and once more in the upper air. Each of the party was supplied with a flat stick, at one end of which was a scrap of candle, and moved through the airless vaults in a procession that was more ghostlike than picturesque. But as there are compensations in all things, so it was here, as the guide stopped before a mouldy cask, fixed his light on the wall, bored a hole in the head, and then with a sharp blow, pressed the wood inward until a ruby stream flowed into a very fair-sized glass. In this way, Château Margaux, Lafitte and Latour were tasted in a perfection rarely known above ground; and when, as a *bonne bouche*, a topaz stream of Château Yquem filled the glass, one, at least, of the party was prepared to admit that if the cellar in which Dumas places Athos was filled with wine like *that* now tasted, the Mousquetaire had some excuse for the madness of which the novelist makes him guilty.

There is a large and handsome opera house in Bordeaux, and a very pleasant day was closed by a visit to it. The performance was Robinson Crusoe; and inasmuch as the earlier part of the history would have furnished the composer with material for nothing but solos, or at most duetts after the arrival of Friday, the latter portion had been taken and made the most of. In this way, the *dramatis personæ* were multiplied, and the choruses and ballet provided for; Friday, under the name of Vendredi, was a prominent character, with limbs of the most unexceptionable and undisguised Caucasian type, and with the air and manner of a sprightly Frenchwoman; and Robinson, umbrella and gun and skin-costume to the contrary notwithstanding, was a Frenchman to the backbone. If subsequent Parisian experiences dwarfed, by comparison, the *mise*

en scene, the music and the *spectacle*, it would be unfair to pretend that the party was not thoroughly amused with the performance.

And here a word may be said about a matter upon which the enjoyment of foreign travel is greatly dependent—a disposition to be pleased and amused. The Smelfunguses of the world are not only the unhappiest of travelers, but they render all around them uncomfortable with everlasting and depreciating comparisons. Instead of making the best of everything, they make the worst. They are very numerous in the highways frequented by tourists. Sometimes they are patriots finding nothing good out of their own country. Sometimes they are merely querulous constitutionally. One of the class, a really good fellow of the former type, after comparing the mountains, the trees, the rivers, the skies, the women and the drinks of America with those of Europe, and always to the disadvantage of the latter, insisted one day that an English grenadier in front of him was not so tall as the writer by an inch. To show how unjust he was, the writer passed the grenadier, that the height of the two might be compared, and returning to his friend, asked him to admit, for once, that his prejudices had misled him. "Well," was the reply, "he may be the tallest, but, by George! we can lick the whole of them."

Along with this disposition to be pleased, and to believe that there may be a reason for customs and costumes which are apparently absurd, the traveler, if possible, should have a *convenient appetite*; not that he is required to eat horse or donkey meat, or to swallow cat's flesh for rabbits, but that he may become reconciled to European modes of preparing and presenting the same viands that he is familiar with at home. These are very different on the Continent from what he

has been accustomed to in America ; but, as a general rule, it may be taken for granted that neither in France nor Germany, nor elsewhere abroad, would any custom be persisted in that was inconsistent with health and comfort according to the exigencies of the particular climate. It is a wearisome bore to nine out of ten Americans visiting Europe to sit at table for one hour and a quarter, the average time of a first-class French table-d'hôte ; but there can be no question whatever that, so far as health is concerned—health of both mind and body—it is better to take time to eat than to gulp down one's food as is done at the St. Nicholas or the Fifth Avenue, or on a Mississippi steamer. But to return to journeying.





CHAPTER II.

LEAVE BORDEAUX—GLIMPSE OF THE PYRENEES—CETTE—NÎMES
—PONT DU GARDE—AVIGNON—MARSEILLES—NICE.

THE train that left Bordeaux at 8.15 on the morning of the 21st April ascended the Valley of the Garonne, crossing and recrossing the river, again and again, on noble viaducts, and passing through a country every inch of which was under cultivation. Vineyards abounded; those near Bordeaux producing red wine; while farther on the road passed through the region whence come Sauterne, Barsac and the Vins de Grave. The vines were beginning to bud, and were anything but picturesque. Trimmed close to the ground, the black stalks, as they projected above the surface, looked like the claws of some gigantic birds carelessly buried on their backs. Under any circumstances, the vineyards at this season would have wanted the beauty with which the later year clothes them; but their present ugliness was increased by the burnt-up look of the soil, suffering, as the Mediterranean was approached, from a drought of several months' duration.

Nothing could have been more delightful than this day's journey through the plains of Languedoc. The cars were excellent, the speed uniform, the weather fine, and everything was novel. A priest and a Sister of Charity came into the compartment at Agen; the former, a pleasant, merry gentleman, full of information. When

they left at Montauban, a young French soldier of the Seventh Hussars, on his way to join his regiment at Narbonne, took the priest's place, after a discussion with the conductor that, at one time, threatened to become unpleasant. It seems that private soldiers are not permitted to travel in first-class cars; and after the young man had taken his seat he was threatened with summary ejection; nor was it until he produced an order from a general officer, giving him the privilege, that he was permitted to retain his place. After the soldier got out at Narbonne, a Baron de ———, an accomplished and most agreeable gentleman, came in, with whom, oddly enough, many of the writer's friends, as it turned out, had been intimate at Pau. He continued with the party as far as Montpellier, and was parted from with regret, and with hopes—never, of course, to be fulfilled—that this first interview would not be the last.

After leaving Toulouse, every one was on the lookout for the Pyrenees, and at Castelnau-dary there was the first glimpse of them. There were a few clouds near the southern horizon, and at first a white mass, seamed with purple lines, which had been gradually becoming more and more distinct, was taken for a cloud. Presently, however, the sky became clear; the haze, which had rendered remote objects indistinct during the greater part of the day, disappeared; and there, in solemn majesty, sharply marked against the blue background, was one of the most elevated of the Hautes Pyrenees, white with snow and glittering in the sun. Lesser peaks and mountain ranges stretched away to the right and left until they were lost in the dim perspective. The railroad was on high ground at the time, and between it and the Pyrenees was an undulating country, whose elevations, some in light and some shaded by

passing clouds, looked as billowy as the surface of the sea after the subsidence of a storm. There were no forests, few trees even, in the wide expanse, but the warm coloring of cultivation everywhere compensated for their absence. One would have liked to linger to watch the effect of the westering sun upon the snowy mountains; but a few hurried outlines were all that could be put into a note-book before the three strokes on the bell, the conductor's horn and the whistle of the engine set the train in motion. The Pyrenees were visible, however, for some time afterward, and, indeed until Narbonne was left behind.

From the station at Carcassonne there was a good view of the old walled town, just as such towns are represented in mediæval paintings—a wall, with towers at intervals, on the gentle slope of a hill, with no surrounding suburbs, but with clear space for archers and crossbowmen to use their weapons—walls unlike those of modern times, which have outlying ravelins, half-moons, flèches and glacis, but walls up to which a herald might ride to have easy speech with those within when surrender was in question. Then came Narbonne, with its unfinished Cathedral of St. Just, well seen from the railway station; then a magnificent ride through a glorious valley, with the Black Mountains on the left bathed in the sunniest tints, with cultivation, pushed to its utmost extreme, in the intervening plains; then Beziers and its hill, with its cathedral towering above all, and, beneath, the aqueduct of the Canal du Midi, with a multitude of small arches supported on a larger range; then, leaving Beziers, came the first glimpse of the Mediterranean, a dark purple line against the sky; then, a long, broad-backed hill, on the summit of which a lighthouse looked out upon the sea beyond; then Agde, or La Ville Noire; and then, rushing forth

from the undulating country, the train found itself on the very shores of the Mediterranean, with the surf breaking on the flat sandy beach within a few yards of the track. Some minutes later, with the sea on the one side and the salt lagoons on the other, the train reached the station at Cette.

The programme prepared on the Europe had made Cette a stopping-place for the night, in consequence, partly, of not being able to quite understand Bradshaw in connection with the routes in this neighborhood; but finding it still daylight when Cette was reached, having made the journey, so far, without fatigue, and there being an excellent table-d'hôte in readiness, and time to enjoy it, it was determined to go on to Nîmes; accordingly, two hours later the party found themselves in comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de Luxembourg.

It does not require much time to become familiar with Nîmes. In the first place, the city is not large; and in the next the objects of the greatest interest are all in a cluster; and you pass from one to the other without fatigue. Of these, the amphitheatre and the Maison Carrée are the best known. But the temple of Diana, the Roman baths, Pradier's fountain, the old gateway, must not be overlooked. The amphitheatre was being restored; but even in its dilapidated condition it is among the most perfect of the Roman architectural remains to be seen anywhere. The interior of the amphitheatre of Verona is better preserved, but only a few feet of the outer walls remain. The Colosseum has been the quarry to which the nobles of Rome resorted for materials for their palaces; but, inside and out, the amphitheatre of Nîmes remains as the Romans left it; and all that is required from the hand of modern art is to replace the stones which time has crumbled.

It may be heresy to say so, but the Maison Carrée

disappointed the writer. It wants the imposing appearance which is derived from size : compared with Roman buildings generally, it is *petite*. It is very pretty rather than very beautiful. Mr. Jefferson attempted to enlarge it in the Capitol at Richmond, but it would not bear enlarging. Recent excavations have unearthed the remains of exterior colonnades, that may at one time, in combination with the Maison Carrée, have presented a more effective *tout ensemble*. As it is, the interest it has excited is perhaps owing to the fact of its preservation in so perfect a state for so long a time.

The interior of the Maison Carrée has been fitted up as a museum of antiquities and a picture-gallery ! A painting of Cromwell looking down on the face of Charles I. in his coffin is a striking and valuable work of Paul de la Roche ; but there is little else worthy of notice.

Far more interesting, however, to the writer than the Maison Carrée were the Roman baths, or what is left of them. There is nothing in Rome itself which gives so good an idea of this description of building. The baths of Caracalla, the baths of Diocletian, are vast piles of ruins, masses of brick and stone and mortar which inspire admiration. But the baths at Nîmes furnish the details that the others want. The first illustrate the power—the other the personal habits of the Roman people.

While seated in the amphitheatre, endeavoring to realize what the building must have been in its perfect state and filled with the twenty thousand people that it would easily have contained, and while watching the lizards playing hide-and-seek in the crevices between the stones, the writer's attention was attracted by the manner in which the mason made the perfect joint which to-day even characterizes the ruins of Rome. Where

two broad, flat surfaces were to be placed in contact, he made the surfaces slightly concave, leaving a width of edge broad enough to prevent the splitting off or spauling of the outer face. In this way, besides a saving of labor, the accuracy of the joint was more easily preserved than it could have been if the whole of the adjacent surfaces had been made to correspond. The repairs of the amphitheatre amount in some places to a complete restoration. They are made at the joint expense of the emperor and the municipality. The amphitheatre, in theatrical parlance, draws too well to be permitted to leave the stage.

There was great complaint of the drought at Nîmes : on the 22d of April no rain had fallen for months. Every economy had to be used to prevent a total failure of the water supply ; and discussions touching the renewal of the canal of the Pont de Garde, so as to give to Nîmes the supply of the Roman era, were frequent. This alone would have suggested a visit to the great aqueduct, had it not already been included in the plan of the journey. Sending the trunks and other impedimenta, therefore, to Avignon by rail, and taking a carriage and pair, *via* the Pont de Garde, for the same place, the party left Nîmes at twelve o'clock, and passing over an admirable road and through forests of olives and vast fields of vines, reached the hotel at La Foux, and obtained there the promise of a dinner on returning from the neighboring aqueduct.

A modern carriage road has been built on the lower side, from which you look up at the vast structure that spans the valley, and on the lower arches of which rests the series of upper and smaller arches carrying the water-way. Crossing the bridge and clambering up the precipice on the other side, the broad stones that cover the channel may be reached. The view from hence

is very lovely, and with the guide's assistance fragments of the great line of aqueduct may be traced far over the country toward St. Quentin and Uzes. A walk through the water-way, as perfect except at its extremities as when it was in daily use, completed the excursion, and prepared the party for the promised dinner at La Foux. The remnants of a chicken—from which a previous traveler had taken the breast—an omelet and some bread and cheese, and a profusion of apologies were all, however, that could be obtained to satisfy the sharpened appetites of four hungry people. The horses and voiturier seemed to have fared better, for the afternoon's drive was a rapid one, ending, amid a volley of whip-cracking, with a gallop down the hill into the valley of the Rhone, a snail's pace across the bridge that spanned the river, and then a rush, as if to make up for lost time, through the battlemented gateway on the other side, to bring up at the quaint old Hôtel de l'Europe, close by the city walls.

Following the rule already laid down with regard to sight-seeing, to begin at once, advantage was taken of the remaining daylight to repass the gateway and follow the city wall down the banks of the Rhone—a pleasant, shady stroll, the gray walls with their heavy towers on the one hand, and the swift river on the other. The old ditch had become the receptacle of the rubbish of the town, and was fast being filled up; while the walls, strong as they must have been for defence when the popes and antipopes relied on them, were now useless save for police purposes and picturesque effect. The lamps were being lighted in the streets when the party returned and found ample compensation, in the well-spread board of the hotel, for the deficiencies of the inn at La Foux.

There is a good deal to be seen at Avignon, but not

more than can be accomplished in a few hours. From the Hôtel de l'Europe to the palace of the popes and the cathedral, and the Rocher des Dons, is but a step, and in returning a slight detour will include the square in which is the statue of Crillon, the theatre and the Hôtel de Ville.

The palace of the popes, while it abounds in groined and vaulted ceilings, and is rich in historical associations, is without the slightest pretension to architectural beauty. It is a great pile of masonry, impressive only from its size and extraordinary solidity. Nor is more to be said of the adjacent cathedral, which is utterly without unity of design, combining Roman and Gothic, with nothing good of either. Still, both ought to be seen; and, if it is an antiquarian who visits them, studied into the bargain. For eighty eventful years popes and antipopes resided where now a regiment of French soldiers finds its quarters, and multitudes assembled to receive blessings from the balcony overlooking the square, in which, on the 23d April, 1868, some thirty squads of infantry were being drilled in the use of the Chassepot rifle amid a din of voices, in which the hard swearing of sergeants and corporals was far more frequent, unquestionably, than benedictions. It was something, however, to have been in the room in the Trouillais Tower in which Rienzi was confined, and in the halls where Petrarch was a guest.

Close by the cathedral is the Rocher des Dons, a mass of rock made fantastic by the oddest imitations in cement and rubble. Steps and balustrades are thus formed, ascending to a platform, from whence a panorama of the valley of the Rhone is obtained not surpassed in all the elements of beauty by any other in Europe. It is the one thing about Avignon never to be forgotten; all other objects of interest pale before it. The palace

of the popes, the castle and cathedral, the town of Villeneuve beyond the river, the surrounding mountains, fields in every stage of cultivation, through whose midst the Rhone rushes in silver—and all this seen under the clear sky of an April morning in the south of France—might easily lead one older even than the writer to indulge in the language of description to an extent that would, in all probability, be regarded as strained or exaggerated by those who had not witnessed the surpassing beauty of the scene.

At 2.54 P.M. the train left Avignon for Marseilles. Tarascon, with its great square castle prominent on the horizon, was passed. Then came Arles, where there was a stoppage just long enough to enable the party to say they had caught a glimpse of what remained of the old Roman amphitheatre. There were a good many women on the platform at the station, with abominations, supposed to be caps, upon their heads, and but for which the faces below would have sustained the reputation of this part of France for female beauty.

From Arles to Marseilles the country is not without interest. Broad sheets of water, inlets from the Gulf of Lyons, spread themselves on the right; rocky promontories and islets; marshy flats; salt-works with their tall chimneys; a grand viaduct of some fifty arches, upward of eighty feet high; tunnels and embankments alternating in quick succession; a tunnel of near three miles in length under a rocky mountain; and then the Mediterranean—kept the attention of the party alive until the train reached St. Charles, the station for Marseilles, at 7.5 P.M., the exact minute promised by the time-table—a punctuality for which the French railroads are especially remarkable.

This was the second visit the writer had paid to Mar-

seilles. The first was in 1857, when the impression made was far from agreeable. Indeed, the recollection of it had been sufficient to limit the time to be given to this city to 12.50 P.M. on the 24th. The drive from the station to the Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix was quite sufficient, however, to show that more than this brief allowance would be necessary. Nowhere in Europe, except perhaps in Paris, did improvement seem to have made more rapid strides than in Marseilles; and the 24th of April was passed in visiting all places of interest in the city and its environs. The zoological garden, with its collection of rare animals; the old port; the new one; the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, perched on the summit of the mountain that overlooks the harbor; the quays; the cathedral; the broad avenues lined with trees; the public fountains; the market-places; the ranges of stately buildings; the Bourse; the Promenade du Prado; the *chemin de ceinture*—occupied the morning, and until four o'clock in the afternoon, most agreeably. Then, after dinner, there was a pleasant walk through some of the crowded streets; and the day closed with the opera, where Charles VI. was represented with far more of the probabilities than the dramatist and composer had been able to give to Robinson Crusoe at Bordeaux.

On the morning of the 25th, the 7.50 train left for Nice, with the expectation of reaching there at 3.4 P.M. The country through which the road passed was eminently picturesque. The outlines of the mountains were rugged and peculiar, changing, as the train moved rapidly forward, like the forms in a kaleidoscope, and not only in outline, but in color. Here and there glimpses of the Mediterranean were had, framed in rocky settings on either hand, like the flat and side scenes of a theatre. Then there were long, narrow valleys of the

richest verdure; then barren precipices bounded the track; and so it was until the train stopped at the station of Toulon, and the fort, whose capture made the fortunes of Napoleon, was seen away to the right, and on mountains to the left signal-stations and forts again, so far off as to require a glass to distinguish their outlines. From Toulon the road left the Mediterranean and passed through one of the best portions of Provence, a valley between two ranges of mountains, that on the right separating and sheltering it from the sea. At La Garde there was a ruined castle of the olden times, in strong contrast with the fortifications so recently left; then came the station of the much-frequented watering-place of Hyères, and here, for the first time, the bark of the cork tree was seen in piles prepared for exportation; then the road looked out again upon the Mediterranean at St. Raphael, and then the train stopped at Agay, and afterward, while skirting the sea between Agay and Cannes, came to a sudden halt in a cut on the mountain-side. Here the conductor directed the passengers to leave the cars and descend on foot into the valley, ascending again some distance ahead, so as to avoid a slip which had in part filled a cut in front, and which it was not deemed safe to pass, although the track on which the train ran was not disturbed by the accident. It was a warm day, and the walk was a toilsome one; nor would the conductor allow the passengers to go through the cut to avoid the fatigue. In America, the train would have been stopped, probably; the conductor would have looked ahead, have hesitated hardly a moment, have given the signal, and the engineer would have put on steam and dashed past the danger. But this was not the way things were done here. It was within the range of possibility, though beyond all probability, that the movement and jar of the engine

might bring down still more of the cut, so as to cover both tracks with the débris. That was enough. So down the passengers went, swearing in the languages of some half dozen nationalities; and up the passengers came, beyond the point of supposed danger, to see their baggage placed on a truck and drawn with a long rope past the slide, so that not a workman even ran the risk of harm. All this was very careful, but excessively annoying, and occupied from two to three hours before the train from Nice came along, when those who had by this time got cool and quiet had the satisfaction of seeing a new set of sufferers, at a hotter period of the day, go down into the valley and ascend beyond the cut.

Cannes, which has of late years become popular as a watering-place and celebrated as the residence of Lord Brougham, was soon reached, when the passengers for Nice had re-embarked, so to speak, after their detention. Quaint modern cottages, amid orange trees, on which the ripe fruit hung, lined the road, and were all that the rapid transit of the cars permitted to be seen of Cannes; but nothing could have been more delightful than the ride from thence to Nice past Antibes, and the bastioned quadrangle that Vauban built long since to guard the harbor, and across the Var and along the shore of the sea. It is no wonder that crowds seek Cannes and Nice for health and recreation. The spirit of beauty pervades the land, and floats upon the waves which break so sleepily on the beach at seasons when, elsewhere, they remind one in their thundering voices of shipwreck and its horrors.

It was six o'clock, three hours behind time, when the party reached the Hôtel de Grande Bretagne. In front of the hotel, a handsome public garden surrounded a pavilion, from which a military band discoursed most

excellent music to a crowd of well-dressed people, who occupied the benches or strolled along walks winding through shrubbery, even thus early in the fullest leaf. Beyond the garden, the wide Promenade des Anglais, separated from the pebbly beach by an ornamental wall, was thronged with equipages and equestrians; and beyond this again, the Mediterranean, whose waves on this quiet evening scarcely murmured as they reached the shore, extended to the horizon. A number of lateen-rigged boats becalmed in the offing—their sails shining in the sunlight—sent long reflections landward on the glassy water. Tall palms, their fanlike foliage motionless in the breathless air, broke, as an artist might describe it, the broad expanse of the glowing sky, and gave an almost Oriental character to the picture presented on this April evening to the travelers, whose mountain experience of the morning served but to enhance the zest with which they gazed upon it. Nice, on this occasion, was most unquestionably in its best array.

The next day was Sunday, April 27, and again the English clergyman prayed for the President along with the Queen, the Emperor and Empress, and the Prince Imperial. Not even in a London church could a congregation be seen more absolutely and unmistakably English than that which was collected on this occasion, in the very handsome Gothic edifice which the liberality of the English visitors afforded the means of erecting in Nice. Not a character that Thackeray has described but what was to be seen there—a good many of Dickens', too, had their representatives. Some fifteen or twenty Americans were easily distinguishable—if for no other reason than that scarcely any of the gentlemen had prayer-books, while there was not an Englishman in view of the writer who was without one. This

was not the best standard of comparison, however: the difference between the two was in the carriage, the complexion, the costume, a something better understood than easy to describe. In speech, no American was ever mistaken for an Englishman. But the observations of to-day were made from externals only; and, be it understood, not so much in the church as when the congregation were passing through the graveyard into the street.

It seemed as though every man, woman and child in Nice had availed themselves of the fine weather of this Sunday afternoon for a stroll along the Promenade des Anglais, and all seemed, too, to be in holiday attire. The benches were filled, the sidewalks were filled, the carriage-way itself was filled, and not the least animated part of the exhibition were the groups of French soldiers everywhere to be seen. The impressions of the second evening in Nice were not less favorable than those produced by the first.

Sight-seeing does not require much labor at Nice. A visit to the Castle Hill should be made by all means, as well on account of the ingenuity displayed in converting it into a public pleasure-ground accessible throughout to carriages, as on account of the admirable view from the summit of Nice itself, with the mountains that surround it, the outstretching spurs of the Maritime Alps, the port, the Mediterranean and the exquisitely beautiful coast-line in the direction of Toulon. If, led by the notion that churches are necessarily to be visited, the cathedral is entered, nothing will be found there to repay the trouble. But a drive around the environs will amply compensate the time and cost; and if Garibaldi happens to be a favorite, the voiturier will point to the house in which, it is said, he was born.

A person spending some time in Nice would doubtless find much to interest him in following the hints of Murray throughout, but to one who visits the city as a part of the plan of an extensive tour, a single day will exhaust it.





CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM NICE BY THE CORNICHE ROAD—MENTONE—
SAN REMO—FINALE—GENOA—VOYAGE TO NAPLES—LEGHORN
—PISA.

THERE is a railroad in course of construction between Nice and Genoa; but, even had it been completed, the writer would have preferred making the journey *en voiture* to hurrying over the distance in the cars. There is, perhaps, no road in Europe more celebrated, and deservedly so, than that along the Riviera, known as the Corniche road, because of its often hanging suspended over the sea like the cornice of a building. The general features of a country may be skimmed from the windows of a railway car—as, for example, the prairies of Illinois or the flat lands around Vienna; and it would be tedious in the extreme to dawdle over these at the rate of six miles an hour. But this is not so when the beauty to be seen is the beauty of detail in form and in color. Here the flight of a railway train gives but little better idea of forest and precipice and cavern and cliff than can be derived from the ribbon made by the rapid motion of a child's burnt stick touching the shape of the coal that produces the impression on the eye. So, careless whether there was a railway to Genoa or not, Giovanni was directed to engage a *voiture* for the journey, to set out on Monday morning.

Accordingly, at the hour appointed, there appeared

at the door of the hotel a good strong carriage, with four horses, whose grooming and harness were certainly not equal to their capability for work. And now came the first trouble about baggage. In vain the courier and the coachman essayed to load it in any practicable way. There was a capacious receptacle behind and a large space in front; there was room, too, under the seats, and straps and ropes in abundance; but when, somehow or other, the four trunks, three boxes, etc., were piled on the vehicle, before, behind and within, it was evident that more ropes might become necessary to repair broken springs than had already been required. The result was that, after various experiments, the heavy freight was left behind, to be sent to Genoa by sea, and only so much taken as was absolutely necessary to the comfort of the party on the way.

Everything being at last arranged, the top of the carriage was put down, the ladies took possession of the interior and the writer and Giovanni ensconced themselves in a reasonably comfortable banquette behind the driver. The horn was blown, the whip cracked as though a dozen revolvers were being discharged at once, and away the carriage went, the horses all galloping, through the streets of Nice, and until they reached the foot of the mountain up which lay the road for the next ten miles. Here an extra horse was waiting, which the driver took good care to make earn his hire, not altogether to the satisfaction of the lad who was to take him back from the summit.

The morning, though cloudy, had been pleasant when the carriage left Nice, but in ascending the mountain the road entered clouds which were occasionally condensed into a fine, penetrating rain. Much of the view that had been promised was thus lost, but every now and then a gust of wind from some unseen

gorge would scatter the mist and disclose the rugged scenery landward, and far below, seaward, the purple waters of the Mediterranean. Narrow bays, with rocky shores, would, from time to time, be seen, to which the driver had scarce breath to give a name before the scud would whirl them out of sight. The road, both up and down the mountain, was in perfect order, protected by side-walls when necessary, and the carriage, with the brake on, rolled rapidly along, with the usual volleys from the whip, and every now and then very emphatic objurgations, in Italian, to a horse, said to be "a Roman brute," that made one of the team.

During a glimpse through the mist, while descending the hill from Turbia, there came a gleam of sunshine, that fell upon a promontory upholding the white walls of a town, which the driver said was the capital of the Prince of Monaco, a poor sample of a sovereign, who is permitted to maintain a petty sway over a few acres of the Riviera, and whose revenues are derived from gaming-tables, which, driven from respectable places in Southern France, find encouragement in his domain.

Passing through groves of olives and carouba trees, the drive along the Mediterranean to Mentone, where it was proposed to lunch while the horses had their stipulated two hours of rest, was eminently picturesque, one of its most striking characteristics being the palm, first noticed at Nice. The delay at Mentone was taken advantage of to walk through the town, now becoming popular as a winter resort for consumptive patients. A narrow promontory, at the extremity of which is an old Genoese fort, divides it into two parts; and from the terrace supporting the highway there is an imposing view of the precipitous mountain-side, along which the Corniche road ascends by a uniform grade, until it disappears around bare masses of rock near the summit.

A noble arch, near the bottom of the ascent, spans the deep ravine, which here forms the boundary between France and Italy. Beyond is the Italian custom-house, with its green-coated gens-d'armes.

Between Mentone and San Remo, the stopping-place for the night, is the fortress of Ventimiglia, through whose walls the road is carried; and, in the sandy plain beyond, the palm, which had been met with singly or in groups before, is made the subject of especial cultivation. Notwithstanding level places here and there, the road loses nothing of its attraction. The sea is always on the right, and on the left rest the Maritime Alps, with towns and villages on the spurs projecting toward the coast: upon one of these, two massive towers of Roman origin are conspicuous in the landscape.

San Remo was reached by six o'clock, when the carriage stopped before the Hôtel de Londres, on the outskirts of the town. The first day's travel *en voiture* had been a success, and it was seen there would be no difficulty in making the journey in three days from Nice to Genoa, in place of four, which it was thought might be required. Indeed, four days are commonly consumed on the road, the stopping-places at night being Mentone, Oneglia, Savona and Genoa. This, however, is to lose a day unnecessarily.

A walk through the town before breakfast satisfied the writer, as he threaded the narrow, steep and tortuous streets, that there was good reason for what he had often wondered at—the position of the Italian cities and villages on the summits of hills, wherever practicable, with the houses clustered so near together as to give them, when seen from a distance, the appearance of solid masses of masonry. In the days when they were built, and with the arms then in use, they were impreg-

nable. Each was a fortress in itself, and its dwellings were so many casemates. It was worth a climb about San Remo to understand this.

The 28th of April was occupied in going from San Remo to Finale, lunching and resting at Alessio, in what had once been the palace of a wealthy noble. The walls were wainscoted; the panels of the doors, curiously carved, still retained traces of ancient gilding. Portraits, blackened by time, too poor, as works of art, to be removed, still retained the places they occupied when they might have been compared with their originals; and marble stairways still led to dim and lofty bed-chambers, despoiled of their rich hangings and containing the sorry furniture of what was now, after all, but a wayside inn.

The sun was yet high when the carriage entered the tunnel through the mountain overhanging the sea, on the farther side of which is Finale. The bare rock, almost perpendicular, went sheer down into the waves, and had forbidden any attempt to build the road around it; and so, in former days, a succession of dangerous zigzags had been constructed over the summit. It is lately, only, that the tunnel has been made, and as the party emerged from it, Finale was seen, already in the shade, although out at sea vessels were still sailing in the sunlight. More than an hour of day still remained for a stroll along the shore after the carriage stopped at the hotel.

The cleverest thing in Finale is a handsome church by Bernini, florid in the extreme, and outraging all classic models, but eminently effective. It is well worth a visit, not that it may be compared with the Eretheum exactly, but as a specimen of the art of a great architect, whose imagination was as exuberant in stone and mortar as was ever poet's with pen and paper.

Leaving the hotel on the 29th April, after breakfast, the scenery and noticeable matters generally became more interesting than they had yet been; and looking now at the brief notes made during the day, they are found to be little more than catchwords, exhausting the vocabulary of admiration. The place where Genoa was situated had been pointed out before reaching Finale; but the existence of the city at the spot was taken upon trust, the haze on the water preventing its being seen; but after leaving Finale, and passing through the tunnel of Capo di Noli, the tall lighthouse became visible in the north, but with many an intervening headland. The road ran through groves of olives and oranges; now rounding the head of a broad bay; now climbing mountains coming close down to the sea, to make the circuit of another bay beyond; now passing through a town; now skirting heights crowned with mediæval ruins. Sometimes the road was bordered with ropewalks, limekilns, brickkilns and shipyards; then again it led beneath the projecting bowsprits of ships ready for launching, of which more were seen on this day's journey than, it is believed, had been built in the United States since the termination of the war. Here was a long procession of women and children loaded with what in America would be called brushwood, but which on the Riviera was the fuel for limekilns; there a similar procession was carrying from vessels moored close to the

far from the Italian life that the writer had read of, and in former years had seen on the mole at Naples or under the porticoes of Rome. At Vorazzi alone twenty large, well-modeled barks were counted upon the stocks. But Vorazzi was only one out of many places where this activity was observed. By the time the carriage reached Voltri, to which the railroad from Genoa was in operation, the way seemed to lie through the suburbs of a city, so numerous were the houses and so crowded was the throng of vehicles, horsemen and pedestrians. And thus it continued until the lighthouse towered up close on the right hand, while on the left rose vast walls of fortifications and barracks; rounding which, there, immediately in front, was the harbor of Genoa, black with the masts of the shipping; and rising from the water's edge in a glorious amphitheatre was the City of Palaces itself. The excitement of the three days' travel on the Riviera then culminated; and, after pausing for a while in the shadow of a fortress, that two regiments of Italian infantry might pass, and just where the view of the *tout ensemble* was perfect, the carriage drove by the Doria Gardens, the arsenal, the railroad station and the monument to Columbus, to draw up at last at the Hôtel d'Italia, overlooking the inner port, and once the palace of the Raggi. The journey had been most delightful. It had been performed without a single *contretemps*. There had been no rain, for the mist on the mountain next to Nice did not deserve the name. There had been no heat against which the white parasols, lined with green and purchased at Nîmes, had not been a protection; and on the third day the party were safe in Genoa without fatigue, and the sun yet several hours high; a good dinner, too, was on the table, more than enough to compensate for occasional shortcomings on

the Riviera ; and when dinner was over the remaining daylight was passed in watching the shades of evening settle quietly down on the shipping that filled the harbor so closely that little more was seen there than one vast forest of masts, through which, later, the lights of the Molo Nuovo and Molo Vecchio streamed, and far above which the lantern of the world-renowned pharos sent its rays over sea and land. Still later in the evening a stroll along the well-lighted streets and illuminated shops proved that the ladies of the party were not the worse for their three days' journeying *en voiture*.

Were this, as already said, not a mere book of hints, showing what can be done by showing what was done, many chapters instead of a few pages might well be

being desirous to show the extent and accuracy of his knowledge and to enhance his compensation. One or two or three churches may generally be taken as the type of all; and so with the palaces. But quite as important as the seeing of churches or palaces is the general impression of a great city, which is never forgotten, and which is always best obtained by driving or walking through its streets, observing the character of its architecture and the dress and appearance and manners of its people; by visiting its market-places, and if there are public gatherings, hanging upon the skirts of them. It is a mistake to suppose that because one has passed hours in St. Peter's or the Vatican, one knows anything about Rome. Of course, where ladies are of the party, these suggestions require some modification; but, after all, they are essentially correct.

In Munich there is an exhibition of pictures, and that

dark less dark and the light less light, producing in this way an average which, to many eyes, is less offensive than the original contrast. Of the other three churches nothing can be more gorgeous than the Church of San Siro. It is the type of a class, and perhaps it goes as far toward the extreme of one style of architectural ornamentation as the cathedral does to the other. It is the worship of the Almighty "in gold." The Church of San Ambrozio, with its wealth of costly marbles and profuse embellishment, is the work of a single family, who furnish to Genoa, to rank among its sights, not only one of the most remarkable churches, but one of the most splendid of its palaces and beautiful of its villas. The Annunziata is a hardly less remarkable specimen of the same school of architecture.

Having seen the churches, the next visit was to the palaces; and those selected were the Serra, the Balbi, the Brignoli Sale, the Doria Tursi, the Pallavicini and the Palazzo Reale. In some of these the attractions

be looked at by itself; but be regarded in connection with the architecture on either side, framing it, as though it were a picture, when seen directly in front from the head of the Rue de la Paix.

Close by the opera house is the Grand Hôtel, in itself quite an institution in Paris. Before it was built, the Hôtel du Louvre was the pride of the city. The Grand Hôtel surpasses it; but it is not, perhaps, the place where one can be the most comfortable in Paris. The experience of the writer, in regard to what constitutes real comfort in Paris, led him to avoid it. Still, it is a magnificent building, and one should not leave Paris without having placed it among the sights.

It used to be a pleasant evening drive from the boulevard, past the Madeleine, into the Champs Elysées, and thence to the Bois de Boulogne, the resort of the fashion of Paris. The equipages, and the crowds of equestrians and persons on foot, however, were more attractive than the scrubby trees which line the avenues, or the artificial waterfall that has been piled up to adorn the park. The Bois is a dull place without its throng of life. Visit it, therefore, in the afternoon and in fine weather only. So far as park-like beauty goes, in lawns and trees and forest lands, it is far inferior to the park now being made at Brussels. The races are held in a plain beyond the Bois de Boulogne every Sunday during the season, commencing at two o'clock; and it is a sight to stand in front of the Arch of Triumph and look down the Champs Elysées toward the Tuileries, at one o'clock, and watch what from thence seems to be a solid moving mass of equipages on their way to the races. So close are they together that at times no part of the road can be seen between them; and through this mass, in September and October, 1868, velocipedes were threading their way, outstripping the carriages in speed,

and as perfectly under command, it seemed, as the best-trained horse in the procession.

Versailles, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud were visited in turn during the stay of the party in Paris. The galleries of the Louvre occupied many a morning; the Luxembourg, its palace and gardens; Notre Dame; St. Eustache; St. Sulpice; the Tomb of Napoleon; the Tuileries; the Hôtel de Ville; the Conservatoire des Artes et Métiers; the Musée d'Artillerie; the Hôtel Cluny; the Church of St. Genevieve; the Sainte Chapelle; the Courts; the Jardin des Plantes—not worth the trouble after the Zoological Gardens; the Bibliothèque Royale; the Halles, or market-places, themselves most admirable; the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; the Palais de l'Industrie—places set down in the order in which they are recollected—were all visited, and others too, until, as was the case in London, all was seen that was proper to be seen. And then there were drives through Paris in all directions, until, with nothing left to occupy a morning, the party were ready to turn their faces toward America. The walks through Paris, the visits to its shops, the evenings spent in the boulevards or in the Palais Royal, were matters of course, besides the claims which were made upon the time of the party in matters peculiar to the ladies of it, and of which Paris was the centre.

As mentioned in the first page of this volume, the writer did not intend to claim for his work more than the merit of showing what might be seen of Europe in the space of six months. Had he aimed at writing a book of travels, he would have taken the plan of Hillard's "Six Months in Italy," one of the best works that can be carried by the traveler who seeks, when in Italy, to enter into the spirit of the land, its past and its present; to appreciate all that is glorious in its his-

tory, magnificent in its ruins, and instructive in what has been saved from the hand of time in its museums, its galleries and its basilicas; who seeks to understand art, and to learn why it is that Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Titian, and Domenichino, and Veronese, and Coreggio, and the Carrachi are names that can never die while art exists on earth. Had the writer aimed at writing a book of travels, he would have attempted to follow in the path of Hillard, and have described, as he progressed, each object that attracted his attention and had a name with which the world had become familiar. But with far humbler aspirations, if he has occasionally done more than merely mention what seemed of interest, it has been that it might not be supposed the journey was so hurried that no time was left to see what people went across the water mainly for the sake of seeing. If, at times, he has attempted to describe or to criticise, and so wandered out of the function of a guide to undertake that of a painter or a critic, it was because the mood was upon him at the instant, and he felt it pleasant to place on paper what was so pleasantly recollected.

On the 7th of October, all the purchases having been made, friends in America remembered, and Paris, for the season, exhausted, the party left in the morning train for Havre, reached there in time for dinner, and took afterward a walk through the exhibition and a drive around the docks and about the city. At the exhibition Alexandre Dumas was pointed out; and one looked with curious interest at the author of "Monte Christo" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires." There was nothing in his appearance that would have suggested his identity with any of his heroes.

Embarking on the *Pereire* on the morning of the 8th of October, the following morning saw the vessel at

Brest, where she remained for thirty hours, and then headed westward for America. The fall of 1868 was a season of storms, and the Pereire did not escape them; but the splendid vessel performed her voyage in safety, and on the evening of the 19th of October was made fast to the pier in New York, and the party slept once more in America, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The story is told, the voyage is over, the party are again at home. Nothing marred the pleasure of the tour. Not a plan was interfered with by the weather; not an hour's sickness was experienced when once freed from the motion of the sea.

More could have been done than was done. Three weeks in England would have sufficed, had time been more actively employed than it could be when ladies were of the party. Two weeks ought to have answered for Paris instead of three weeks and four days. In the two weeks thus saved nothing would have been easier than to visit Spain. In fact, the writer had made out his programme for the journey, and would have left his family in Paris while he crossed the Pyrenees, had not Isabella lost her throne, when all Paris expected a bloody revolution, with detention of travelers, broken telegraph lines and interrupted trains on railways.

Traveling alone, a gentleman may do much more than was done on this occasion, for he may occasionally save a day by passing through an uninteresting country at night. But the tour can be made with ladies, quietly and comfortably, in the way here stated; and should what has been said to prove the fact be of service to any of either sex who have Europe in view, the object of this volume will have been accomplished.